How went he vnder him?
Groome. So proudlie, as if he disdaind the ground,
Rich. So proud that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe:
That Iade hath eate bread from my Royall hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him:
Would he not stumble? would he not fall downe?
Since pride must haue a fall, and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe?
Forgiuenesse Horse, why do I rayle on thee?
Since thou created to be awde by man,
Wast borne to beare, I was not made a Horse,
And yet I beare a burthen like an Asse,
Spurde, galde, and tyrde by iauncing *Bullingbrooke*.
Keeper. Fellow giue place, heere is no longer stay.
Rich. If thou loue me, tis time thou wert away.
Groo. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.
Exit Groome. Enter one to Richard with meat.
Keeper. My Lord, wilt please you to fall to?
Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wert wont to do.
Keeper. My Lord I dare not, sir Pierce of *Exton*,
Who lately came from the King, commands the contrary
Rich. The Deuill take Henry of Lancaster and thee:
Patience is stale, and I am wearie of it.
Keeper. Helpe, helpe, helpe.
The murderers rush in.
Rich. How now, what meanes Death in this rude assault?
Villaine thine owne hand yeilds thy deaths instrument,
Goe thou and fill another roome in Hell.
Heere Exton strikes him downe.
Rich. That hand shall burne in neuer-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person: *Exton*, thy fierce hand
Hath with the Kings blood staind the kings owne land:
Mount, mount my soule, thy seate is vp on hie,
Whilst my grosse flesh sinkes downeward heere to die.
Exton. As full of valour, as of Royall blood:
Both haue I spild; Oh would the deed were good!
For now the Deuill that told me I did well,

Sayes